As were all who were borne
On pale leas of pastel teal
& below the abiding suns
Manifold organisms
Beauteous, meaningless
Constructed of pure impermanence
Genderless, structureless,
Not by criterion or creed
Particles, marvels, which simply
Fell to be nearby, and in formation
Carefully crafted like the lacquer;
The finest of teak sailboats
Carelessly graceful like that which
Emanates from the depths of
The eldest pipe organs,
Wordlessly so

Ever so covetous of ivory,
And salient beings of plasticine
Wishing dread upon their form
Perhaps they may converge someday
It consolidates into the clay
The song that goes unheard,
“Is a song tarried to the rocks
Ne’er bound to flit today
And trip the light, fantastic”
And hitherto averts their gaze
From a limitless place of novelty
To attain perfection,
They sought beauty.
They dread the swatch, the contour, the shapes,
The motif, for all that is lost in the sea
Bears its face once more,
Someday in the desert, codified
In the antique sand
And glows as luminescent rose
As tourmalines

Ere they ascertained what exactly
It was that looked at them

And held its lissome index finger
Against the shallow glass,
They always though it too shall pass
“Thyself, thou never falter poise”
Then wanted more
They had presented unto them their world,
If not for their fellow
Then better for their own furtherment
It would never be enough
For only they would vouchsafe
Provocation; and with every incitement
Came a need for twice what came before
But plasticine people love their polymer things
And to lay atop their canapé
To whom thou plead?
/
Penultimately their address,
And up until their ill-timed death,
In the end they sought only ever less
Their dearest wept and Pastor’s bless,
For as many sights on pale leas of pastel teal
That were eloquently aesthetic
Atop their bassinet they cried
A springtime soul of twenty-five
Wasting into nothing
They could’ve been everything
Their eyes were blank and glassed-over
Like they preceded only a hollow skull
hairless, faceless
Amalgamation, once organic
The song that goes unwritten,
Is a song drowned out by
Perils of a stomping ground but
A song inscribed has never failed
To trip the light fantastic.

It was this way unnatural fate
had come to take them premature
This is how they left the world;
Not a man, not a mind, and not a word near beautiful.